

## Home Circle.

### LITTLE KINDNESSES.

EMMA PUTERBAUGH.

One evening in the city while hastening to the elevated depot, I was accosted by a little newsboy, he was but a little mite of humanity; so small one would have thought he ought not to be out in the great city without the protection of mother, but yet he was one of the many hundred boys in the city who are compelled to go out and battle with life. Possibly he had to help provide for a sick mother at home.

He said to me, "Wont you buy my paper lady." I told him I did not care for the paper, and hurried on. But he followed me and said, "Its only a penny, won't you take." I opened my purse gave him the penny and told him to keep his paper, but I could not forget the pleading voice nor the wistful look, and I reproached myself for being in too much of a hurry to say a few kind words to him, and often since has that pleading voice come to me. Its only a penny. To some it may seem a trifling, but kind words cost nothing and often may they heal a heart that is breaking.

We may try to ease our conscience by saying he is only a little newsboy; but he is one of God's children just the same, and if kind words to him are rarely given, it is the more our duty as Christians to see that some one is cheered and helped by our words and acts, and little do we know what good may result from the little kindnesses that we do. Could we but realize how cheerless and full of sorrow and sin some lives are, and how little of joy and gladness comes to them, it seems to me we would even make sacrifices to reach out a helping hand to them.

Let us plant roses for those about us, but may they be planted in the hearts of the little street boys as well.

### ETERNAL REST IS ETERNAL OCCUPATION.

This is not your rest (Micah 2:10.) There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God (Heb. 4:9.) No indeed, this is not our rest, amid all this sorrow, and sickness, and human decay, where every morning people awake tired and perplexed or with the knowledge that another day has to be passed in bodily agony or on feet that are weary with the years. This is no place for rest; but, thank God, there remaineth a rest complete and serenely beautiful for those who love the Lord and his Christ. Yes, God, who cannot lie, has prepared for this eternal rest from the first, and he will most

surely make those the recipients of it who through many obstacles have fought and won the good fight. But what will this rest consist of? Absolute cessation from every sort of occupation? I think not; first, because there is nothing more boring or wearisome than having to sit or stand around day after day with nothing to do but kill time; and, second, because if I read the Scriptures aright, they teach that the saints shall be occupied with all the multitude of executive duties naturally devolving upon kings and priests who would assist the King of kings and Lord of lords in ruling the nations. The most helpful rest is change of occupation; and what a change that will be from suffering and being waited upon here to enjoying and waiting upon the Savior there.—*Temple Magazine.*

### SUNDAY MORNING.

This continuity of historic life, this unbroken current of human action and emotion, this fathomless and silent stream of spiritual experience, become real to us in the peace of Sunday morning. For we are in touch, not with one short day plucked from the turmoil of the week, but with all the Sundays on which men have rested from their labors since time began. The day not only detaches itself, to our thought, from all working days, but unites itself with all the days of rest that have glowed and faded under these skies. In the sweet hush of the early hours, the trees untouched by the wind, but vocal with the songs of birds hidden or flitting from branch to branch, the fields sweet and fragrant as if it were always morning, one becomes conscious of the unbroken succession of holy days which stretches away like a great highway to the very beginnings of history. Along that highway how many generations have walked with prayer and praise on their lips and with faith and love in their hearts! The fellowship of the good, the pure, and the aspiring becomes real to us in that thought, and we enter into the eternal communion of the saints. Divisions of time, differences of race, fade out of our sight; we feel the oneness of humanity, the continuity of the great human family, and the unity of love. So there enters into our thought the peace of one of those vast outlooks in which the fields fade into the landscape and the strifes and divisions of men are lost in a vision of their larger relationships. "The old Sabbath, or seventh day," says Emerson, "white with the religions of unknown thousands of years, when this hallowed hour dawns out of the deep—a clean page, which the wise may inscribe with truth, while the savage scrawls it with fetiches—the cathedral

music of history breathes through it a psalm to our solitude."

It is true that to the really religious nature all days are holy and all places sacred, but we are immensely helped by fellowship and association; and the immemorial consecration of Sunday to rest and worship is, aside from all other things which set it apart from other days, a great aid to the life of the spirit. In the great crises of life one kneels in profound loneliness; but it is the loneliness of individual experience, not of individual destiny. We are all traveling the same road, though we are often so widely separated that we seem to be entirely isolated; we are all drinking of the same cup of sorrow, though it is often held to our lips when the wine of joy seems to be at the lips of others. Every man has his own hidden and incommunicable life with God, but this secret fellowship is a rill which flows into and swells the universal fellowship. We need to feel, not only the community of our needs and sorrows, but the community of our hopes and worship. We need not only our own silent hours and quiet places; we need also the vast quiet of Sunday morning, the repose of universal rest and of immemorial worship. The calm of those fresh and fragrant hours is no figment of the imagination; it is a kind of spiritualization of nature; it is a symbol of that peace of God which passes understanding. If we open our souls to its silent influence, it wins us away from ourselves into a sense of the universal life of man in God; it frees us from the care and anxiety of our personal fortunes and takes us into the consciousness of an all-embracing beneficence; it stills the waves of the shallow seas of our own emotions with the vision of that calm figure to whose feet the surging waters are as the solid earth. The peace of Sunday morning, sweet with the breath of the meadows and the music of the birds, is sweet also with the presence of that peace which abides beyond our struggles, of that unbroken life and worship which banish our discords and divisions, of that divine seeking for God which all men have shared according to their knowledge, and which gives the sorrowful history of man a touch of divine beauty and prophecy.—*The Outlook.*

GOD makes crosses of great variety; He makes some of iron and lead, that look as if they must crush; some of straw that seem so light, and yet are no less difficult to carry; some he makes of gold and precious stones, that dazzle the eye and excite the envy of spectators, but in reality are as well able to crucify as those which are so much needed.—*Fenelon.*